

Home

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The sound of the unfamiliar language.
The smell of pasta and fish in the market.
The sight of old photographs with people
we never talk about anymore.
The place I call home
but
Never put as my permanent address.
The brokenness we never talk about is why I keep coming.
The yesterday that no one remembers
formed the today that people always talk about.
I love every flaw because that is when I realized what beautiful really means.
I want to show you my gratitude but money can't buy a thank you or I love you.
We could talk today,
but I don't want to get stuck on our yesterday.
Just open your arms-
because tomorrow I will be home.